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and can not have a second;" and that "he who is against him is an alien, possessing not the unity of the Church;" and that "Stephen (the Pope) gloried in being the successor of him on whom the foundations of the Church were laid," and to whom alone Christ said, "To thee I will give the keys," &c., without daring to question his title; if Tertullian, in the 2nd, tells him that Victor, of Rome, with the full exerted might of earth and hell against him, was, nevertheless, "the bishop of bishops, the Pontifex maximus," who "swayed the peace of the Churches of Asia and Phrygia;"¹ lastly, if Christ, before the middle of the 1st, tells him (by the pen of the Evangelist, and by the pens of 50 witnesses of the early ages) that it was He Himself who ordered "the first occupant of the chair at Rome" to "feed His sheep:" will he, I say, believe that this last might, after all, be the true reason why the Council of Chalcedon and such a tide of witnesses in divers ages and nations, apart and differing from each other in their mode of expression, in their prejudices and interests, should so remarkably unite in their testimony to the spiritual supremacy of the see of Rome.

But if, in spite of all, the LAYMAN will have the supremacy to have been the gift of the assembled Church, he must show, 1st, at what council [which must have been before that of Chalcedon] did the assembled Church thus exceed its power? And, 2ndly, by what means were the obstinate and jealous Greeks, who loved their liberty as well as ever honest P.—t loved his, cajoled or dragooned into the loss of it, and into vile subjection to that which, on the LAYMAN's system, they must have known to have been human, and an unwarranted usurpation.

And since the Oriental bishops at the Council of Chalcedon, in the 5th century, acknowledged their communion with the See of Rome, and the supremacy of its bishop, it follows that the Greek schism^m was above 600 years too late to escape passing irrevocable sentence against itself. For, if the whole visible Church once thus united in owning the communion and spiritual supremacy or headship of Rome, how can the opposite system, or the disowning it, be nearer the apostolic truth, because farther, by six centuries, from the apostolic age, and held by those who, at best, can only be a partⁿ of the Church?

I have now replied to the last of your objections which has the least pretensions to notice. Meantime, the unanimous sentence of the Fathers is still standing against you;^o while you, instead of striving to meet, or to reply to it, prefer, for the sake (I suppose) of causing "a diversion," to occupy two whole columns (number 77, p. 59), with the never ending theme of "Launo" and "the immaculate conception!" Fly, if you will, to Scripture; and under its dark cloak seek that shelter which, in all ages, others as good as you have sought; but do that which no honest man need be ashamed of—surrender; and confess that at least antiquity is fatal to your system, whatever that system is.

These remarks are not wholly mine; they were in substance made by a Protestant gentleman two or three days ago in the library. St. Cyprian has decided against you;^p but you "have no idea of assuming St. Cyprian as your guide."^q Why not openly renounce him at once? One "primitive" saint tells you that "St. Peter was made master of the habitable globe;" and "had the superintendence of the universal Church delivered into his hands."^r And another, in the same place, that "in Peter's person is contained the whole ecclesiastical authority." And a third, "They have not Peter's inheritance who have not Peter's chair." And a fourth, that "he who dares to withdraw himself from the unity of Peter must know himself to be an alien from the Divine mysteries," which ought to be aliens enough for the CATHOLIC LAYMAN; yet, in the face of all these, "What he requires is, the production of some clear primitive testimony, that by the application of the text of Matt. xvi. 18, St. Peter's supreme power over the whole Church was understood;" and "for that he has searched in vain, and thinks he may assert that nothing of the kind can be found in St. Cyprian or elsewhere."^s Is this fair dealing? Is it sincere?

I am, sir,

Respectfully yours,

WILLIAM GERAGHTY.

P.S.—I thankfully acknowledge the receipt of the May number.

[Dr. Geraghty states that "in the third action of this great Council (Chalcedon) . . . St. Leo of Rome is called 'the universal hierarch;'" from which our readers might be led to suppose that the Council called him so.

We reply, that neither the Council, nor anyone else, in that third action, called Leo "universal hierarch."

¹ As an Anti-pope.

² Ep. 53, ad Ant.

³ Ep. 75.

⁴ De Pudic.

⁵ Adv. Prax.

⁶ St. Optatus, lib. 2.

⁷ The Council of Chalcedon, in their epistle to St. Leo, says, "The throne of Constantinople, as it has ever ardently concurred in the things enjoined by you in the cause of the true faith, and has united itself with you in oneness," &c. (t. iv., p. 838.)

⁸ Anno 1053, under Cerularius.

⁹ Nor even a part.

¹⁰ CATHOLIC LAYMAN, No. 74, p. 21, and No. 75, p. 34.

¹¹ No. 75, p. 34.

¹² No. 77, p. 59.

¹³ No. 75, p. 24.

¹⁴ No. 77, p. 59.

At p. 399, to which Dr. Geraghty refers, we find an accusation against Dioscorus, Archbishop of Alexandria, submitted to the Council by Ischyron, a deacon of Alexandria. If this deacon had called the pope "universal hierarch," it would have been very different from the Council calling him so. But even this deacon did not call him so. The address prefixed to the document is, "To Leo, universal archbishop and patriarch of Great Rome, and to the holy and universal Synod of Chalcedon," &c.

Dr. Geraghty will, we hope, admit that archbishops and patriarchs were constituted by the Church, and not by God.

But Dr. Geraghty ought to know that these "acts" of the Council, as we now have them, were not drawn up in the Council. Collectors in after times put together such documents as they were able to find relating to the Council, and called these "The acts of the council;" so that for much of the so-called "acts" we have no better authority than, perhaps, the notorious Anastasius, the librarian of the Vatican in the ninth century.

The whole of the first of these "acts" is wanting in the oldest copies, and is manifestly forged or interpolated.

The title to this document of Ischyron is clearly interpolated. The document was addressed to the Council, and not to Leo, who was not present in the Council. The address in the body of the document is simply "Sanctissimi et beatissimi Patres,"—"Most holy and blessed Fathers"—without any address to the Pope.

If Dr. Geraghty will look to the subscriptions to this third act (p. 448), he will find in the Latin that Paschasius, the legate of Leo, is represented as subscribing in place of "the most holy and apostolic Pope of the universal Church;" while the Greek, in the very same place, is only "The most holy archbishop of Great Rome!"ⁿ Showing clearly how all this stuff about the universality of the Pope has been foisted into the acts of the Council by the Latin translator.

Yet, even in these cooked "acts" Dr. Geraghty cannot show the term "universal hierarch," which he so triumphantly professes to quote.

Dr. G. gives many quotations. We have a right to expect that he will give them correctly. It is not worthy of him, or creditable to him, to get up the appearance of a case by foisting inventions of his own into the disgraceful interpolations of contemptible collectors. Will he now give us the Latin, or the Greek, for "universal hierarch," even in the cooked report of the third act of the Council. We say no such word is there.

Dr. Geraghty next quotes, from "the Relation of the Synod to Leo" (p. 834), the words "over whom you were set, as a head over the members, &c.," addressed by the Council to Leo, which is more correctly translated, "whom you led (ἡγεμόνευσας) as a head of the members." And a mayor is head of a corporation, of which others are the members. Does that prove that the office of mayor is a divine institution; which is the point now in question about the position of Leo. This passage does not say that God gave the first place to Leo: We will show that the Council held that the Fathers gave it to him.

That the care of the vineyard was committed to Leo was no great stretch, seeing that it was held in the early Church that the care of the vineyard was committed to every Bishop.

Dr. Geraghty appears to mistake the force of the third passage which he quotes from this letter. The Council go on to tell Leo that they had confirmed the decree of Constantinople, and passed a decree of their own, giving the second place to Constantinople. They state to him that his legates in the Council had vehemently resisted it, but that nevertheless they had decreed it; and they call on the Pope to accept it, in these remarkable words: "And as we give our agreement to the head in what is good, so let your highness fulfil what is becoming to your sons."^o Is that the kind of headship demanded for the Pope now—to pass decrees against his legates, and then call on him to submit! and then enforce their decrees against his own resistance, as we have shown that the Council of Chalcedon did.

Why should Dr. Geraghty fly to such miserable arguments from authorities so corrupted? Is it because he has no other resource to hide the plain words of the decree of the Council, which is undoubtedly genuine. Here are the express words of the Council of Chalcedon: "THE FATHERS rightly gave privileges to the See of Old Rome, because it was the Royal City. And the 150 bishops (at Constantinople), moved by the same consideration, gave equal privileges to the See of New Rome, rightly judging that the city which was honoured by the empire and the senate, and enjoyed equal privileges with Old Royal Rome, should be made as great as it in ecclesiastical matters also," standing second after it."

Now, ask these questions of that great General Council:—

¹ See note of the Roman editors in Labbe and Cossart, vol. iv. 93, p. 404.

² ἡγεμονία τὸν τόπον τοῦ ἀγιοτάτου ἀρχιεπισκόπου τῆς μεγάλης Ῥώμης λέοντος.

³ Et secut nos capit in bonis adiectionem consonantiam, s'c et summatas tua filiis quod deest adimpleat.—P. 837. Dr. Geraghty's translation is not correct, and alters the force of this passage.

⁴ Καὶ ἐν τοῖς ἐκκλησιαστικαῖς ὡς ἐκείνην μεγαλύνειν πρᾶγμασι.—Bib. Justell. et Voel. I. 68.

1. Who gave Rome her privileges?

Answer—"THE FATHERS."

2. Why did the Fathers give such privileges to Rome?

Answer—"Because Rome was the seat of the empire."

3. Had the See of Rome greater privileges than the See of Constantinople?

Answer—"No. The General Council of Constantinople gave EQUAL privileges to Constantinople."

4. Was Rome greater in ecclesiastical matters than Constantinople?

Answer—"No. Constantinople was made as great by one general council, and declared as great by us."

5. How, then, could Rome be called the head?

Answer—"Because though not greater in power or privileges, it was the first in place, by grant of the Fathers and General Councils."

These are the answers of the great Council of Chalcedon to these questions. Is Dr. Geraghty satisfied with these answers? Let him look this in the face, and we will discuss it with him; but when he seeks to escape from this, by such arguments as he has now put forward, we must apply to him the conclusion of his own letter, "Is this fair dealing? Is it sincere?"

It would be easy to show the utter weakness of his arguments from the Fathers in this letter. For instance, when Novatian thrust himself into the See of Rome, where Cornelius was already bishop, Cyprian and Firmilian maintained that Cornelius was the right bishop, and that the intruder was "an alien, possessing not the unity of the Church."

This was true of every one who thrust himself unlawfully into the see of another bishop, destroying unity thereby. Yet Dr. Geraghty brings this up to prove the Divine supremacy of the Bishop of Rome over all other Churches, forgetting that when the Bishop of Rome made a formal decree on a question of doctrine about baptism, the same Cyprian and Firmilian, and all the Churches of Africa and Asia, rejected that decree as erroneous.

But we decline at present to go into authorities so wide of the point. The question is, whether the Council of Chalcedon thought the precedence of Rome a Divine or ecclesiastical institution. Let Dr. Geraghty argue that upon the canon which the Council passed upon that very subject—or let him hold his peace and acknowledge the truth.]

THE HOLY SCAPULAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC LAYMAN.

MR. EDITOR,—As we were sitting in Jerry's house the other day, who should walk in but old Murty Leary, a great voten that's in those parts. So the women were in great joy at having such a blessed man under the roof, and says Jerry's wife, "The top of the morning to you, avourneen, it's yourself that's as welcome as flowers in May." "Thanks to you in bushels, and may blessings in pailsful be poured down on you," says he. "Murty, Jewell," says she, "won't you tell us something about the blessed stations and holy wells you visited lately?" "Oh, meilla murder," says he, "don't speak to me at all about it; sure my heart is fairly broke on account of it." "How so?" says she. "Why," says he, "I had gone all my rounds, and was coming home as fresh as a four-year-old when some villian stole my blessed beads, and now I've lost all the prayers that I said on them, and they're gone to the good of the rogue that stole them. May sweet bad luck attend him every day he rises and every day he doesn't." "Small blame to you for being vexed," says she; "but sorrow is dry, so here's a drop of the real stuff that never got the blast of a gauger's eye." "Sure enough," says he, "that's the thing that rises the cockles of the heart, and there's nothing for keeping the spirits up like pouring spirits down. But I've news for you," says he. "Mat Lane's big house was burnt last night, and all for want of taking my advice." "I'm sorry to hear it," says Jerry; "for he's as decent a boy as ever peeled a pratie." "But how did it happen at all?" "Why," says he, "you've all heard of a man losing a sheep for the sake of a pen'orth of tar; but Mat lost his fine house for the sake of a dirty sixpence." "Tell us about it," says I. "Well," says he, "you must know that the holy fathers were down in that country lately, and were selling blessed scapulars for a few pence each. And says I to Mat, 'Treat yourself to a scapular, and 'twill be as good as insuring your house; but he wouldn't hearken to me at all, at all; so I argued and reasoned with him, but you might as well be talking to a mile stone; for if the brains of all the mules in Ireland could be put into one skull, that's the skull that Mat Lane wears. He only laughed at me about the scapular; but now he's laughing at the wrong side of his mouth." "And how would the scapular have hindered the house from being burnt?" says Jerry. "Why," says he, "I've got the book itself^a here, and it tells us of 'the fire extinguished by its approach, the tempest quelled by its appearance, and the sick restored to vigorous health by its contact.'^b Now," says he, "if Mat had one of them in the house, don't you think it might have saved it?" "There's no denying it," says Jerry, "if what the book says is true."

^a The Holy Scapular, a new edition, revised by the Very Rev. R. J. O'Hanlon. Published by James Duffy, Dublin, 1850.

^b Page 8.

"And why wouldn't it be true?" says he. "Sure it's written by a very reverend, and do you think he'd put his name to it if it wasn't true?" "I don't know about that," says Jerry; "but I know this much, that I must have good proof before I believe that a bit of card covered with silk can work miracles." "See now," says Murty, "how well the book knew what the likes of you would say. It tells us that there are some 'delicate and squeamish' souls that hesitate to lend their assent to the relation of prodigies by such means as these," but that nevertheless they're all true." "I never knew before," says Jerry, "that I was any way delicate or squeamish; but, indeed, a man must have a very strong stomach to swallow all that's in that book." "Arra, don't bother yourself with the likes of him," says old Molly Crone. "In spite of all his talk 'twill be with him as it was with a better man in the old times."

'Saint Augustine, meeting Lot one day before he was converted, began to scold the scapular, and all that it asserted. But, says Lot, says he, 'it's plain that you're an anti-Trinitarian. But before you die 'twill come to pass that you'll die a scapularian.'"

"Why," says Jerry, "I'm not denying the virtue of the scapular at all, I'm only asking for some proof of it." "Cock you up with proof," says Murty. "Isn't a priest's word proof enough for you; and, besides," says he, "we don't say that the virtue lies in the bit of card or the bit of silk, but in the power of the blessed Virgin that accompanies it." "Let us hear about it, any how," says Jerry. "Well," says he, "the book tells us that the scapular was first given by the Virgin Mary to the glorious St. Simon Stock, and that he handed it down to us." "And who was St. Simon Stock himself?" says Jerry, "if I may be so bold as to ask." "He was a great saint entirely," says Murty. "And when did he live?" says Jerry. "The book don't tell that," says he. "Well, then," says Jerry, "where did he live?" "The book don't tell us that either," says he. "And what proof have we that the Virgin ever gave him a scapular at all?" says Jerry. "Arra, don't be riddling me with questions," says he, "but listen to what the book says—'The most distinguished personages have received it, the kings of France and Spain, and the emperors of Germany, and the most reverend Father Innocent, general of the seraphical order of the Capuchins, and innumerable dignitaries of the Church, have been aggregated to it,' and isn't that proof enough?" "No," says Jerry, "I must have some better proof before I believe that a bit of card covered with silk can work miracles. For instance," says he, "bring up your scapular to poor Bill Condon that's in fever, and if it cures him (as the book describes), then I'll believe in it." So with that old Molly flew at him, and says she, "You unbelieving reprobate, is that what you're at; you'd believe your poor sinful eyes, that the devil has put his mark upon, but you'd doubt the word of a blessed saint of a priest. Get out of the house," says she, "before the roof falls on us; for your heart is a dunghill, and suspicion is the cock that crows on it. But, Murty darling," says she, "don't let it go with the hard-hearted Turk in that way, but prove it for him out of the Bible, and then he'll have to give in." "So I will," says he, "but, Molly ashore, whereabouts will I find it." "You'll find it in the gospel of Saint Jonah," says she; "for don't you remember what the blessed verses say—

'When Jonah he sojourned in the belly of the whale It's he that had the scapular upon him, I'll be bail; Do you think that if he hadn't it the whale would be so slack, As that he'd be the customer to ever let him back? Then glory to the scapular, and may it never fail, And may every one that wears it be pious as the whale.'

"There's no such thing in the Bible at all," says Jerry; "and if you've no better proof than the words of an old ballad, you may as well give it up as a bad job. And, moreover," says he, "I'd like to know what right have you to come here and abuse a decent man in his own house. Who sent for you, at all, at all?" "May I never," says she, "but you beat the Danes in impudence. Who sent for me, is it? I sent for myself, and I came according to the message. Your house," says she, "you poor, pitiful negur. By this and by that, if I was your wife I'd soon let you see whose house it was." So when Jerry saw that he was getting the worst of it, he turned to Murty, and says he, "Tell us something about the rules of your society."

"Well," says he, "it's them's the rules would make good Christians of you all; for the book tells us that 'the postulant must be a person that is not addicted to cursing or swearing, or prone to drinking intoxicating liquors.'"

"Well," says Jerry, "that rule surprises me greatly." "What's surprising in it," says Murty, "except that it's surprisin' good." "I don't dispute that at all," says Jerry; "but, tell me, isn't Ned Collins a scapularian?" "He is," says he. "Well," says Jerry, "don't all the country know that there's not a greater blasphemer from the sea to the Shannon than the same man?" "There's no denying it," says Mick Desmond; "for he's a fellow that would swear a hole in an iron pot if the bottom wasn't very thick." "And then, again," says Jerry, "isn't Jack Molony a scapularian?" "He is," says Murty. "And isn't it well known," says Jerry, "that he never goes to bed sober, barring when he hasn't

the means of getting drunk. Sure, 'twas himself made the fool of Father John. The priest, like a decent man as he is, made him swear against taking a drop of anything inside the door of a public-house; but next Sunday he found my lad as drunk as a piper. But still he didn't break his vow; for he didn't drink inside the house, but outside it. So Father John thought to catch him completely by making him swear not to drink a drop either inside or outside a public-house. But the poor priest's heart was nearly broke when he found him next Sunday drinking as hard as ever in the door of a shebeen. 'Where's your word, you reprobate?' says he. 'Where's your promise, you undutiful heathen?' 'It's safe and sound, father, jewell,' says he; 'for don't you see that I've one leg inside the door and one leg outside, so I defy the old boy himself to say that Jack Molony has broke his vow. I'm neither inside the house nor outside it, but just betwixt and between.' And," says Jerry, "if there was any necessity I could give you fifty names of people that are scapularians; but, to judge by their conduct, it doesn't do them much good." "But, then," says Murty, "look at all the penances and mortifications they go through. Sure if they had a crust of sin on their souls an inch thick 'twould wipe it all away." "Them must be awful punishments, surely," says Jerry. "Tell us what they are." "Well," says he, "each brother and sister is bound to recite every day seven times the Lord's Prayer, seven times the Angelical Salutation, with Holy Mary and Glory be to the Father each time, and the Creed once. They are to abstain from flesh meat every Wednesday; and if any one should use meat on that day he is to supply the deficiency by reciting the above-mentioned prayers twice."

"The double prayers are for a punishment, then," says Jerry. "Of course," says Andy. "Why, then," says Jerry, "isn't it a surprising thing that our Church makes a punishment out of what one would think would be a pleasure. If a man does wrong so many prayers are put on him, just as so many lashes are put on a deserter; and thus, instead of counting prayer to God a pleasure, he is taught to consider it a punishment." "Well," says Murty, "it's enough to put a body's heart across in them to be listening to such jaw. I'm not able for you in the logic, but just listen to the blessings that every scapularian will get, when you and the likes of you are broiling in purgatory. The book tells us that 'the Blessed Virgin declares, whosoever observes the prescribed conditions punctually shall, as speedily as it may be possible, be liberated by her hands from the pains of purgatory, before the first Saturday after their departure from this life, and placed in eternal glory.' So that," says he, "at the worst a scapularian can't be kept more than a week in purgatory, and maybe not that same." "It's all very fine," says Jerry—"it's all very fine if we could only be sure that it was true." But, my dear, when the women heard him say that you'd think the life would leave them. "Oh! Mother of Moses," says one. "Oh! Holy Agatha," says another. "Oh! blessed Saint Laurence O'Toole," says a third, "save us and defend us from this unbelieving heretic;" and with that they set to crossing themselves as hard as they could lick. But Jerry took it very cool; and says he, "Take it easy, ladies; take it easy, or you'll be after spoiling your complexion. But, Murty darling," says he, "you read out something about 'prescribed conditions.' Now, I'd like to know what the conditions are." "Well," says he, "the first is 'the sacred scapular's to be worn at all times by each person.'"

"Anything more?" says Jerry. "It must be properly blessed," says he. "Anything more?" says Jerry. "It must be imparted by such as have a special licence to do so," says he. "Anything more?" says Jerry. "The person's name must be 'written in the confraternity book,'" says he. "Anything more?" says Jerry. "They must fast occasionally," says he. "Anything more?" says Jerry. "They must pray every day," says he. "Anything more?" says Jerry. "Well," says he, "there's one more little condition that I was near forgetting. 'Every member on admission is to pay one and a penny, and on every third Sunday sixpence halfpenny in the confraternity room.'"

"Hurra," says Jerry, "we've got the cat out of the bag at last. Murty, my jewel, there's the real virtue of the scapular; if it doesn't keep houses from being burnt, it gives the priests the means of building many a good house; if it doesn't keep men from drunkenness, it gives his reverence the means of getting a snug little tumbler; if it doesn't bring souls out of purgatory, it brings shillings out of the pocket; so, hurra for the scapular, and I allow that there's great virtue in it, after all. 'Tis meat and drink, and board and lodging to the blessed men that sells them; it helps to buy a horse, and feed a horse, for his reverence; it helps to get a fine black coat and make him look like a gentleman; it helps to get a nice outside car and soft cushions for the holy man; and sure, after doing all that, I'd be worse than a heathen to deny that there's great virtue in the scapular. Murty, dear," says he, "I allow that I'm beaten; I give up entirely; I'm sacked out and out, and I'll never deny that there's great power in the scapular." "My blessing be on you, darling," says poor old Molly; "sure I knew you wouldn't go against your religion, and you with the good old blood of the Donovans in you. May the saints reward you, and may the blessed St.

Simon Stock himself mark you to glory, acushla." But while this was going on Andy Kelly and the Reader came in, and when they heard what it was all about I thought that Andy looked very uneasy in himself. At last the Reader says to him, "Mr. Kelly," says he, "now that you and I are here, that know something more about controversy than our friends present, suppose we discuss the scapular as our subject for the night." "No," says Andy, "I'll have nothing to say to it." "Why so?" says the Reader. "Because it's no part of my religion," says he. "If foolish people like Murty Leary and old Molly Crone believe in it, that's no reason why a man of learning like me should uphold it. Show it to me," says he, "in Pope Pius's Creed, or in the canons and decrees of the Council of Trent, and then I'll fight for it; but I won't let you put anything on me that my Church doesn't put on me." "You won't defend the scapular, then," says the Reader. "No," says Andy; "I'll defend purgatory, or the mass, or transubstantiation, or any doctrine of my Church; but I won't argue about the scapular." Oh! Mr. Editor, if you had a heart of stone you'd have pitied the poor creatures when they heard what Andy said. They knew nothing about the Saviour and but little about God; but they all knew about the scapular. The poor old creatures had often sold the blanket from under them to pay their dues, and they thought that their souls were safe if they died with the scapular upon them. I declare to you, Mr. Editor, your heart would have bled for them. The big tears poured down their cheeks, and even the Reader himself pitied the creatures; and says he to Andy, "Isn't it a burning shame to teach people to put their trust in a bit of card and silk, instead of in Christ the Saviour." "I told you before," says Andy, "that the scapular is no part of my religion." "But," says the Reader, "I put it to you, as an honest man, and in the sight of God, don't you know that it's the religion of thousands of poor ignorant creatures." "Well," says he, "I can't deny that it is." "And," says the Reader, "how can you wonder at it when your priests write such books as that which Murty read from. It's a sin and a shame," says he, "to make poor creatures pay for scapulars to save them, instead of directing them to the Lord Jesus Christ, who would save them without money and without price. My dear friends," says he, "don't trust to the scapular, but trust to Jesus; it can't blot out your sins, but He can; it can't save your souls, but He can, and will if you come to Him; it can't bring you to heaven, but He is ready to do it if you only rest on Him as your Saviour. Some of you are poor, and old, and hungry; but the blessed Lord says, 'Come to me all you that labour and are burdened and I will refresh you.' All of you are sinners, but the Redeemer says, 'Him that cometh to me I will not cast out.' Your sins are many and great, but your own Bible tells you that 'the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.' He loves poor sinners, for He died upon the cross for them. He loves you and is ready to save you, if you'll only pray to Him and put your trust in Him. Make the Lord Jesus Christ your scapular, and then you'll be safe. Neither sickness, nor poverty, nor death itself can harm you; for the blessed Saviour who shed His blood for you will keep and protect you." And with that he left us.

Your humble servant to command,

DAN CARTHY.

MODERN MIRACLES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC LAYMAN.

SIR,—Though you have, from time to time, exposed in your pages the imposture of our Lady of La Salette, I do not find that you have noticed a case which occurred also in France much about the same time, and which may help to throw light on some of the successful frauds of the middle ages. I allude to the case of Rose Tamisier.

Rose Tamisier was educated by the nuns of a convent at Salon. She became remarkable for the visits which she received from angels and saints, and especially the Blessed Virgin. Returning to her village, she refused all nourishment but the consecrated wafer. The vine dresser, the mountain shepherd, the cure became her followers. Her intense devotion was alleged to have produced on her person the representation of the cross, the spear, the chalice, &c.; and on the 10th November, 1850, it was reported that a picture of our Lord had, in the village church, exuded blood in answer to her prayers. The alleged miracle was authenticated by the chief ecclesiastical and civil authorities; a deed of attestation was signed; the Archbishop of Avignon preached on the stupendous occasion. But, alas! after some time an intelligent and persevering chemist discovered the secret of the deception, and produced bleeding pictures to any required amount. The question passed at once out of the sphere of theology to that of the correctional police, and the saint, being found guilty of fraud at the assizes at Nismes, was ignominiously sentenced to fine and imprisonment.

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

VIATOR.

¹ This was the answer made to the writer by an intelligent Roman Catholic.

² Matt. xi. 23.

³ John vi. 37.

⁴ John i. 9.